

Dor v' Dor, Pesach 2017



Bread of affliction-Harvey, our traditional Pesach service leader, raises a piece of the matzah which may be the soon to be hidden afikomen, a popular part of the Seder service.

of the service.

The active participation of the three generations made us all genuinely feel we were part of a very close-knit and caring community. Such is the nature of Pesach to turn us all into joyful participants. The Seder meal was particularly varied and scrumptious this year with the many contributions carefully prepared by members of our community. It can truthfully be said, that our Seder meals offer some of the finest and most sumptuous selections from a myriad of cultures and traditions, something for everyone. Visitors who come from afar are amazed at what we provide for this special festive meal.

Had there only been adult members of our congregation attending, it would have been sufficient, Dayeinu, but our younger generation made it even more wonderful. They did themselves proud with their exuberance, genuine sense of fun and enthusiastic performances. Ranging in ages from 3 to 21, they performed the Atah mi Yodei-ah with Harvey chiming in for the long end bits and some choreography from Adam Feldman and Julie Stone, to perfection.

The afikomen was found, the door to welcome Elijah was opened, the cup for Elijah was ready, our prayers and hopes for the future sincerely said, and we all vowed, "Next year in Jerusalem (and in Cornwall)."

Many, many thanks to Anne and David Hearle who organised everything and ensured that each of us had the most special Hag Sameach.

Pat Lipert

Our banner event of the year, Pesach, was celebrated with gusto by a wide range of people from our community and abroad, representing people of all ages and traditions to retell the story of the Exodus from Egypt and our freedom from slavery.

People came from Israel, the U.S.A., Gibraltar and greater England to be with us at our special Pesach service and Seder on the 10th of April at Trelissick Gardens.

A fine mix of laughter, lively dialogue and contemplation during the reading of the Haggadah, traditional foods and song, made for the perfect simcha.

Jeremy Jacobson, chairman, welcomed everyone to the first Seder night, remembering those not well or fortunate enough to attend, and leading the way for Harvey Kurzfeld to begin the service, something Harvey has done for 16 years.

Amid the seder plates, glasses of wine and matzah, he led us through the Haggadah with great flair and fanfare, making it very inclusive as many of those attending were called on to participate in various sections of the order



Seder delights-After the main fare of Pesach offerings, an array of lovely desserts added a great deal of sweetness to the meal.

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Chairman's remarks

Jeremy Jacobson

Two weeks ago I was sitting in the garden thinking about this Newsletter. What should I write? The May sun was shining. The columbine was swaying in the breeze, showing off its lilac and cream grannie's bonnets. Above me on a branch, two blue tits sung loudly and looked cheekily down, as though talking directly to me. On the surface of the pond, water skaters showed off their skill. Shavuot was coming. Of course, I would write about renewal, thankfulness and beauty. Since then, two terrible attacks have occurred in Britain and several more overseas. How can I write about joyful things in such light?

Yet I must. While I-while we all-mourn the dead and sorrow for the injured and for the mutilated families, we have to affirm life in its grandeur and in its many modest ways. The cruel, vengeful nastiness meted out in the name of Islam insults and betrays that religion. It was not always thus. In the film, 'The Kingdom of Heaven,' set during the 12th century Crusades, the Christian hero, a French blacksmith turned military leader, negotiates the evacuation of Jerusalem with Saladin, the legendary Muslim leader, besieging the city. The hero is unwilling to risk leaving the city, given that over eighty years before, the Crusaders had massacred Muslims and Jews when they conquered it. "I am not those men," says Saladin in a dignified and just rebuke. And we are not those men; none of us are those men. We are a small, scattered community going about our individual, family and communal lives. In April, we celebrated Pesach and enjoyed an excellent Seder which brought together members across Cornwall and family, friends and visitors from the wider UK, the US and Israel by way of Gibraltar. It was particularly cheering to have so many children with us this year who, inspired by Harvey Kurzfeld and Adam Feldman, who joined in with joyful aplomb. In May, we came together to watch a film, 'The Chosen,' and to discuss the Chaim Potok book and to share our food, activities which in themselves mirror the moving story of The Chosen which tells of the friction and growing understanding between two different Jewish traditions, one originating

Days of Awe schedule

This year's upcoming itinerary for the High Holy Days for Kehillat Kernow will be held, as in the past, at Roselidden Farm outside Helston. The dates for the services, led by Harvey Kurzfeld and Adam Feldman, are as follows:

Wednesday, 20th September, (29 Elul), 6:30pm, Roselidden Farm. Supper to follow.

Thursday, 21st September, (1st of Tishri, 5778), New Year's Day, 10:30am, Roselidden Farm. Kiddush and luncheon to follow.

Friday, 29th September, (9th Tishri), Erev Yom Kippur, Kol Nidrei, 7pm, Roselidden Farm.

Saturday, 30th September, (10th Tishri),

Yom Kippur, 10:30am, Roselidden Farm. Services will continue on Yom Kippur throughout the day with a short break prior to Yizchor (Memorial) Service which will begin at approximately 5pm. Service should end approximately at 6:30pm and will be followed by Havdalah and a breaking of the fast supper.

Food will be provided by Kehillat Kernow and prepared by Peter and Jos Hadfield, owners of Roselidden Farm. Directions to Roselidden Farm can be obtained from the Roselidden Farm Web-site or by contacting any Council member of Kehillat Kernow. Parking is available in the field adjacent to the Long Barn on the farm site.



Ready to ride-Both Mai Jacobson and Leslie Lipert have a bit of fun after a Shabbos service or are they trying to work off that big kiddush lunch they just ate?

in the Ukraine and Russia, soulful, all-absorbing, based on the heart; the other coming from the Baltic, cerebral and more connected to outside intellectual trends. As for the coming months, we will be hosting a visit from the Cornwall Faith Forum in August, participating in an open day at Ponsharden Cemeteries and celebrating the High Holy Days in September, and consecrating the new natural burial site at Penmount in October. This bare iteration of events may seem somewhat banal, but it matters because it demonstrates that we will live, despite those who wish to silence, kill and destroy us. We will live and share with one another within our small but precious community and we will do so with the like-minded members of other communities across the faith spectrum. No, we are not those men.

Jewishly speaking...

Here is an appropriate and timely quote contributed by Jeremy Jacobson which he found in the current edition of Jewish Renaissance:

"After the opening of the Suez canal in 1869, the Syrian city of Aleppo which had been a prosperous centre of spice and textile trade, fell into sharp decline. The cotton trade in the nineteenth century was controlled from the north of England and it became the custom of the Jews of Aleppo to add to the blessing recited over an infant boy at his brit the following words: '...and may he live in Manchester'."

Do you have a favourite quote on the subject of Jews? Send in your selection for the next newsletter to: xxxxx@kehillatkernow.com

Mezzuzot and Kiddush Cups

Kehillat Kernow Kiddush Cups -
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March of the Living

Murray Brown

I successfully applied for the Sir Martin and Lady Esther Gilbert Scholarship for my essay on my families' Jewish history which allowed me to visit Poland and to attend the March of the Living.

On Wednesday, 19th April, in Warsaw, I visited the historic graveyard of Warsaw and the Warsaw Jewish museum. I assumed Warsaw was going to be like the photos of the city as it was in the 1940s but the city seemed a blend of Chicago and Plymouth and the hospitality we received as Jews from locals was truly welcoming. Israeli flags were on display in many of areas of the city which gave me hope; yet, the Poles still have not recovered from its past. On Thursday, it was cold in Poland when I visited the Warsaw ghetto. I did not realise how vast it was but also small as 500,000 Jews were stuffed in to it. I went to an old yeshiva in Lubin, Chachmei Lublin, where the Nazis planted a flag thinking it was the HQ of 'The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.' Very few Jews live there. Later I visited Majddanek which was a game changer. People live so close to the camp, even now and why, I do not know. At Majddanek, children were put in cages before the gas chambers. A question from the children before death was: "Where is my mummy?" My questions are: "Where was humanity? Where were the people of Poland?"

Silence and everyday life around the camp gives one time to reflect! I felt peculiar. I tried to avoid the pain of the Shoah by not wanting to dawdle and by looking away when my confusion and mixed feelings became too much. The most important moment was when the bus C group got together for a minyan so I could lead Kaddish next to a memorial containing a heap of ash of the victims that the Russians built.

On the Friday, we visited Markowa Synagogue on the way to Krakow. We then went to a memorial for the famous Umana farming family who worked to hide Jews refusing to hand them over. They were burned alive in their barn by the Nazis. After visiting the remains of death pits at the Zbilatowska Gora Forest, the scale

and disrespect of what happened got to me. I went in the evening to pray in an old Orthodox synagogue which was badly in need of repair; it used to thrive with Jews from Krakow. Shabbat dinner came later when Kiddush was recited by two survivors and the loudest benching I ever participated in with my bus group, which was predominantly made up of modern Orthodox Jews from London. The survivors were more energetic than the students and their memory was as good as it was back then. We were told that the joy in our benching was a fantastic way to feel about the trip to say that Jews live on.

My tour with March of the Living reminded me

of a Sheleg camp that I went on with RSY and of groups that my father said that he was involved in when he was about my age when he went to Israel.

Saturday, we went back to the synagogue for morning prayers. I asked the rabbi the night before about reading Shemini as it was my Bar Mitzvah passage that I did at the Kotel in 2011. He told me to ask another rabbi and said it sounded grand. When I asked the other rabbi, he sent me back to the original rabbi. I was in a tangled rabbi loop.

After shul, we went on a walking tour of old synagogues in Krakow that showed the transformation of the Jews to become recognised as Polish Jews. Before Havdalah my bus group had the loudest 'Adon Olam' I have ever heard with Mala, a holocaust survivor who was sent to Belsen; she did not leave when things got too loud because our British delegation were bringing back Jewish life and songs to Poland. Mala gave a fantastic speech about how life was for her before and after the holocaust.

On Sunday, the 23rd of April we went to Auschwitz and Birkenau. One is death; the other is death. One feels like the Middle Ages, the other like the 20th century; both are systematic; they could have only functioned in an Industrial Age. I felt less anger for the Polish for what I thought was indifference because many were victims too; many saved Jews but many

wanted to avoid death and torture. At the camps kaddish was said many times for the victims. I am grateful my family left mainland Europe before the holocaust for the USA and UK. Names mentioned included the family of Mitch Balish who is a good friend of my mother's from New York City, for Mitch's grandmother's uncles and aunts at the Lodz Ghetto, where they perished and for Aron and Rajzla Kalisz, Abram Josek and Sura Kalisz. They were from Brzeziny, where no Jewish community remains. We remembered all these and on our March of the Living remembered all 6 million Jews and 11,000,000 people who died in the holocaust: Never again!



Walking for life and remembrance-Murray and students in his group prepare to enter Auschwitz as part of their scholarship trip to Poland.



Israel forever-Murray carried his Israeli flag to many of the events as a symbol of hope amidst the darkness of visiting the camps and meeting some of its very few survivors.

On Monday our Bus C attended a walking tour of Krakow where there was an old wall that symbolised where an old Jewish ghetto was once. This wall, erected by the Nazis, separated Jews from Polish people. Despite the genocide, it also revealed the story of the heroic Polish pharmacist who gave Jews medicine for free as he had the only pharmacy there, some proof that humanity was there in the midst of horror. The March began after Bus C took the short trip to Auschwitz One. After we traded badges from different nations as a gesture of good will. I was the only one with an Israeli flag attached to a pole that went to the camp from the British delegation. The Israeli flag does not just symbolise the state of Israel in my eyes but also a European flag created to mainstream Zionism so Jews can be free. That is why I waved it. I am a Zionist.

On the March, there was singing but others were silent. There was an interesting debate about how best one should treat the March. Is it about the idea that Jewish life is back or is it about walking in silence in solidarity with the victims?

At Auschwitz-Birkenau we attended a memorial service where flames were lit. The Hatikvah was sung and Kaddish blared for the victims from loud speakers all around the camp. The Nazis killed 11,000,000 people and among them 6,000,000 Jews but we now respect the dead and pray at the site to Ha Shem, the site that banned the Jewish faith and killed millions.

The Photograph

Harvey Kurzfield

Like some people I occasionally get a kick out of 'googling' my own name, just on the off chance that I have acquired a few extra pages. It's sad, I know, but very 21st century! Recently, however, it wasn't mention of my name that attracted my attention, but my mother's name. There it was in black on white: Esther Kurzfield! I had not seen it before in any of my searches so my curiosity was piqued and I clicked on her name. Up came a photograph of my mother: a black and white portrait, almost sepia, and I looked at it with a sense of awe and to some extent, shock. Here was a picture, suddenly revealed, of a lady who has not been a significant part of my life for many years; she died just over thirty years ago.

It was not a photo I have in my own family album and therefore wonderful to see; the 'shock' effect on seeing this was the revelation that

here was the face of the woman who had nurtured, loved and cared for me throughout both my childhood and during those awkward years of being an uncouth, awkward teenager, and thence onto myself as a busy and, I suspect, a rather selfish young man. A face that I haven't visualized or even, God help me, thought much about. How old was she when this picture was taken? Was I even born then, or if so, how old was I?

My mother's face stares straight at me, smiling gently, not giving too much away. The hair is cut fairly short, smart, but not overdone. She is wearing a homely cardigan, with a blouse open at the neck and a string of pearls that I seem to recall her wearing on special occasions. To me, as a child, my mother had always seemed so much older, yet here she looks mature but not actually 'old' which is how I suspect my own children and grandchildren

perceive me. In this photograph she's maybe the mum I knew when I was a kid, a scruffy, tousle-haired boy who went to the local Church of England primary school down Cleveland Street in the borough of Westminster, London W.1.

My lovely mum, in a picture taken over 60 years ago! The mum I'd taken to Aldgate in those weirdly fortuitous years when I worked as a filing clerk at Unilever House by Blackfriar's underground station, earning £3 10 shillings a week and could still somehow afford to run a car and give mum one pound a week! I would drop mum off at the place where she worked as a dressmaker, leave my Morris Minor there and take the underground train to my station where it was but a step and a hop away from the front entrance to Unilever. Later, I'd return and collect her and bring us both home to the ground floor flat in Hackney. What did she think of me - her one boy child? Was she proud of me?

“What did she think of me? Her one boy child”

Did she say to herself, "My son, my chauffeur.... what a boy!"? It suddenly seems so precious to me now, thinking about those days. My father had never learned to drive, nor would he ever have

considered it necessary as buses and tube trains ran constantly to and fro.

All these memories come flooding back, evoked by an old photograph that has appeared by chance on a computer. And while those memories are good ones, they also stir my emotions in an unsettling way and I experience the pain and sadness of loss because, inevitably I left home, initially to go to college, but then after graduating not returning home, but leaving London, first for Reading and then moving even further away to Cornwall. Back then that must have seemed to my parents as if I'd moved a world away.

Finally, the photograph reminds me of the last time I spoke to her. By then I was married, had



Esther Kurzfield-Harvey's mother whose kind and loving nature clearly influenced the character of our generous and compassionate first KK chairman

my own house, a wife and children of my own. I was a busy teacher and saw less and less of my mother who by now was alone, still in that flat in Hackney. One evening she rang me. "I'm not feeling too well," she said.

"Have you been to the Doctor?" I asked. "Yes, he suggested I pop along to the hospital." "Well then, do what he says."

After the usual goodbyes I took it for granted that I would be speaking to her again when she would tell me how she got on at the hospital. It may be that I was the last person who spoke to her. Later that evening she was found stretched out on the floor by her telephone. She had had a heart attack.

The woman in the photograph, my mother, smiles at me and even though it's only a black and white image on a computer, suddenly it seems very precious.

Ponsharden Open Day



Zachor-Site of the Jewish and Dissenters' burial grounds which are currently in the midst of restoration plans by the Friends of Ponsharden Cemeteries.

On Sunday, 10 September, from 2-4pm, there will be an Open Day at the Jewish and Dissenters' Cemeteries at Ponsharden in Falmouth. Keith Pearce, historian an authority on Cornish Jewish cemeteries, will be on hand to discuss the background and personages buried in the Jewish cemetery and Dissenter historians, Rob Nunn and Tom Weller, will lecture about the adjacent Dissenters (Congregationalists) Cemetery. Both cemeteries are presently undergoing restoration through the Friends of Ponsharden Cemeteries. The open day is in conjunction with the European Days of Jewish Culture and Heritage. Parking available in the nearby Sainsburys parking lot.

'The Chosen' for the chosen

Pat Lipert

Once again, members of KK outdid themselves to ensure that the film based on Chaim Potok's book, 'The Chosen,' which was viewed by us on the 20th of May at Malpas Village Hall, was a fine success.

The venue itself is perfect for a good kibbitz on the veranda before the film, and then a movie theatre room is set up for all to watch this old classic. While the film included some scenes which were not in the book and omitted some parts of the book which were particularly poignant, it was still a first-rate production. The viewing was followed by what only can be described as a sumptuous feast-our potluck dinners are extraordinary! You missed some excellent wine and gourmet fare if you were unable to attend.

Any Jewish event is not complete until we have eaten well, talked much and shared our reactions to Potok's book and the way it was handled on film. It was agreed how intertwined



Let the movie begin-Some of our KK members eagerly await the film based on the Chaim Potok novel.



On the other hand-Jeremy Jacobson and Jerry Myers are having a fine time debating some of the finer points of the film and Potok novel.

our connections are between all branches of Judaism, Israel, and our various Jewish ways of living and practicing our faith. The discussion was led by Chairman Jeremy Jacobson and Secretary Rachel Brown. Many thanks to all those who helped to prepare and to organise this event.

The only regret was that our dear Adam Feldman could not attend but he could see us a few doors away from his recuperation quarters on the top floor of his house. Melanie took up the slack and managed, as she does, to do several things at once to tie up any loose ends from chauffeuring, parking managing, projectionist duties and preparing some delicious dishes for the supper-all in her spare time, of course. You know the line, "Ask a busy person and...."

The only thing that remains is planning our next movie/cultural/literary/gourmet Saturday Night. One suggestion is 'The Woman in Gold,' about a Jewish family's quest to have the famous Klimt masterpiece, Portrait of Adele Bloch-Bauer, returned to its rightful owners.

Consecration of Penmount Wildflower Cemetery

On Sunday, 15 October, at 2:30 pm, the Jewish section of the Penmount Wildflower Cemetery in Truro will be officially consecrated at a ceremony being held by members of Kehillat Kernow. The service will be led by Harvey Kurzfield. Members attending this consecration should meet no later than 2:15 in the parking lot outside the Penmount Crematorium. As there are no Jewish people buried in this newly created natural cemetery, those of Cohen descent will most likely not be affected by any restriction if that is a concern. There are other non-Jewish burials in other parts of the cemetery. This Wildflower Cemetery is managed by Susan Canaan, Bereavement Services Manager at Penmount. A high tea provided by Kehillat Kernow will follow the ceremony at the nearby Alverton Hotel in Truro at 3:15pm.

This natural burial site is set aside and marked off by a new and growing hedge,

faces East and has a mounted tap for hand washing.

As Chairman Jeremy Jacobson noted, the date chosen is particularly fitting since Shabbat Bereshit falls just before, "which

brings together the cycle of life and death in the most natural of ways." The consecration then, he said, will happen just after "we read of the Creation, the first humans and the first human death."



Burial grounds-an early picture of the marked off natural Jewish burial grounds at Penmount before the border bushes and wildflowers began to emerge.

Editorial

Each year, for the past 18 years, we at Kehillat Kernow have celebrated Pesach with extraordinary gusto. In the beginning, we held Seders in our homes, inviting various members of the community to our tables for either the first or second night. Then, when the numbers increased, it became apparent that a first night communal reading of the Haggadah and Seder, were necessary. We tried several venues and have settled upon Trelissick Gardens as the seemingly ideal place to meet, greet, observe the Exodus and feast together.

Through all these years, various members of our community, regardless of their myriad customs and practices of Judaism have come together, for we know that in small communities, inclusiveness and sharing is an integral part of observing this most important holiday. We complement each other!

And so we welcome visitors from all over the world to our table to join us, to pray, to sing, and to eat! And eat we do. Our Seders are famous and highly regarded by so many people because they represent all streams of Judaism: Ashkenazi, Sephardim, Orthodox, Liberal and Reform. Some of our guests also come from other faiths and the ecumenical spirit of the occasion leaves them uplifted and reaffirms our Jewish identities. What could be more in keeping with our faith than to share what is dear to us with others? And so, let us congratulate each of you hard-working, paragons of virtue, who make this happen for no where else is your love of Judaism more finely manifested than at one of our wonderful Passover celebrations.



Snap-a fine profile of Noah Hearle doing one of the many things he does best in addition to designing our website and newsletter.

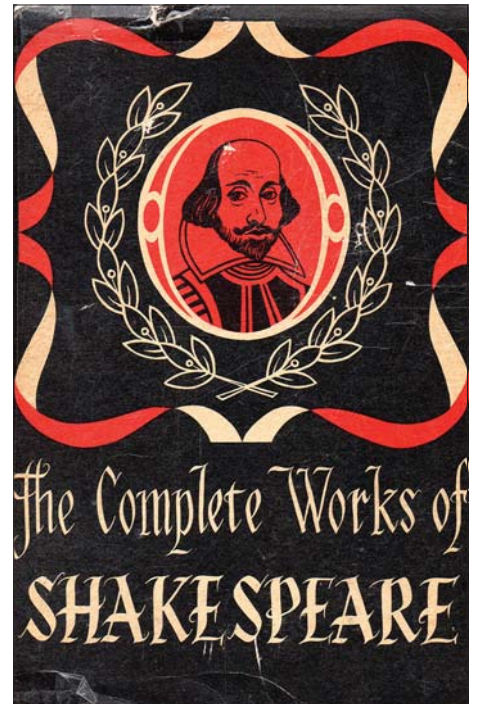
Art for art's sake?

Pat Lipert

In February, our chairman Jeremy Jacobson wrote a letter asking for your opinion about great works of literature, (art, music, poetry, drama, philosophy...) when we, as Jews, discover the author/composer, was/is in reality anti-Semitic in his or her personal life. Several of you responded thoughtfully.

I am personally reminded of a wonderful book by historian Paul Johnson, *Intellectuals*, published in 1988, in which he contrasted the wonderful ideas and contributions made by leading thinkers of the Western world and their pointedly inhumane, ungenerous personal lives. He concentrated on the likes of: Jean-Rousseau, Percy Bysshe Shelley, Karl Marx, Henrik Ibsen, Leo Tolstoy, and Ernest Hemingway. Bertolt Brecht, Bertrand Russell, Jean-Paul Sartre, Edmund Wilson, Victor Gollancz and Lillian Hellman. Do we dismiss their wisdom and contributions to western thought on the basis of their less than admirable personal behaviour and views? Of course not. Who does not or has not at one time lived in a glass house worthy of being stoned? So that's my reaction to Jeremy's letter. Here are some of your abridged thoughts: Carolyn Shapiro refers to a paper she was currently writing on ETA Hoffman's short story, "The Sandman" (1812) which was later turned into the opera, *The Tales of Hoffman*, both of which have anti-Semitic allusions. She contends that anti-Semitism "has been a material part of British and European culture since the Middle Ages...and very much allied with racism, in the ways that racial beliefs become so normalised through history that they become invisible as such...even the greatest of artists may have absorbed anti-Semitic beliefs if they have not questioned what has been normalised in society...does it mean we should boycott artists who were anti-Semitic? Of course not. The world is a better place with the addition of Daniel Barenboim's interpretations of Wagner and we would never say that Barenboim is partaking in anti-Semitic values...we are in a moment now in the world where normalisation is the most dangerous currency in circulation."

David Hearle has spent 'a lifetime wondering about the concept of anti-Semitism and that "a large amount of the hate filled baggage that each and all human's carry around with them is a learned phenomenon...when so called Right ideas come to the fore we as a people have to look out...these ideas are often fostered by a



militaristic way of looking at the world: 'Us and Them. Danger versus Generosity and Tolerance.' If we 'imagine' ourselves constantly at risk, balance is destroyed. It is based on the assumption that we run the world and not the Almighty."

Susan Ehrenzweig asks, "At what point in time does great work stand alone from its creator and can be viewed or heard in a detached way-is Chaucer, or even perhaps, Shakespeare, far enough back? I reflect heavily on this conundrum every time I am overwhelmed by Wagner's Ring Cycle... Should I worry that Wagner was an anti-Semite and one of Hitler's favourite composers? Or just appreciate the genius of the work. In the end, I believe, it is the work of art that lives on adapting itself to each generation in their time and context. That is what makes it great and the creator, as a living individual, has long gone."

Gay Jewell seems to have mixed feelings about the issue: "I'm not sure people, generally, would know about T.S. Eliot being anti-Semitic. Recently I had to remove a couple of verses Roger's aunt had wanted to include in her funeral. She would have never included this [them] if she had known. I don't read T.S. Eliot for that reason but sometimes listen to Wagner fully aware of his anti-Semitism. So very inconsistent! Or are words and their interpretations more confronting?"

Rise in subscription fees

As of October 6th, 2017, the membership fees of Kehillat Kernow will be raised from £90 per annum to £108 for family subscriptions and from £60 to £72 for individual subscriptions. The rise in fees, the first in eight years, is to help meet increasing costs of running regular synagogue operations as well as rising costs for the various social,

secular and religious events held throughout the year. The motion to raise fees was passed unanimously by Council Members attending the KK Council meeting in May. Individual arrangements concerning subscription costs can be discussed by contacting KK treasurer, Leslie Lipert, either by mail or by calling 01736 762675.

Haggadah and Seder time

Each year's Pesach festival seems to get better and better. With so much enthusiastic support from members, a multitude of children and visitors from near and far, how could it not be so?



Time to celebrate-Jeremy Jacobson and Pat Lipert seem to be having fine time opening that bottle of wine to begin the Seder meal.



Family affair-Alan Rachas, his daughter, Rachel and Roger Chatfield are clearly enjoying Passover as well as each other's company.



Music and harmony-The younger generation really give the post-seder songfest their all in a rousing performance skilfully led by Adam, Julie, Harvey and Murray.



Let the service begin-a full house at the barn with everyone anticipating a rousing run-through of the Haggadah.



Last minute preparations-Mai and Jeremy Jacobson, Harvey Kurzfield and Adam Feldman run through the Pesach venue just before our service and Seder begin.



Exchanging notes-Anne Hearle, organiser of our Pesach event, goes over some of the latest news with Gerry Myers.



Catching up-Leah Hearle and Carolyn exchange the latest news including many of the funnier bits.



Open the door-All the youngsters guided by KK members make sure Elijah is made welcome; his glass of wine is already filled.

Notices and diary

Mazel Tov:

- Karen Myers, Bonnie Rockley, and Suzanne Pinkney on their significant birthdays
- Anne and David Hearle for organising Pesach
- Mai and Jeremy Jacobson on their wedding anniversary
- Susan and Tony Ehrenzweig on the marriage of their daughter, Deborah to Adam on 18th June

Get Well Soon:

- Adam Feldman
- Babs Colman
- Vera Collins

Condolences:

- Gloria Jacobson on the loss of her devoted friend, Howard Brebner on 3rd July

Diary:

Aug 1 st	9 Av, Tishah B'Av, Monday., no service
Aug 5 th	Va-etchanan (Harvey), 13 Av, Shabbat Nachamu, 10:30am, TBS
Aug 19 th	R'eih (Pat), 27 Av, Blessing for Elul, 10:30am, TBS
Sept 2 nd	Ki Teitzei (Adam), 11 Elul, 10:30am, TBS
Sept 10 th	Open Day, Sun, 2-4pm, Ponsharden Cemeteries, Falmouth
Sept 16 th	Nitzavim-Va-yelech (Liz), 25 Elul, 10:30am, TBS
Sept 20 th	Erev Rosh HaShannah, Wednesday, 29 Elul, 6:30pm, Roselidden Farm
Sept 21 st	Rosh HaShannah, 1 Tishri 5778, Thursday, 10:30am, Roselidden Farm
Sept 29 th	Erev Yom Kippur, Friday, Kol

Sept 30thOct 5thOct 12thOct 14thOct 15thOct 28thNov 11thNov 25thDec 9thDec 12thDec 13thDec 23thJan 6thJan 20thJan 31st

Nidrei, 9 Tishri, 7:00pm, Roselidden Farm

Yom Kippur, 10 Tishri, 10:30am-9:00pm, Roselidden Farm Sukkot, 1st Day, 15 Tishri, Thursday, no service

Shemini Atzeret/Simchat Torah, 22nd Tishri, Thursday, no service B'reishit (Liz), 24 Tishri, 10:30am, TBS

Consecration of Penmount Wildflower Cemetery, Truro, Sun, 2:30pm

Lech L'cha (Adam), 8 Cheshvan, 10:30am, TBS

Chayyei Sarah (Harvey), 22 Cheshvan, 10:30am, TBS Va-yeitzei (Pat), 7 Kislev, 10:30am, TBS

Va-yeishev (Liz), 21 Kislev, Erev Chanukah, 24 Kislev, Light the first candles. No service. Chanukah, 25 Kislev (first Day)

Va-yiggash (Adam), 5 Tevet, 10:30am, TBS

Sh'mot (Harvey), 19 Tevet, 10:30am, TBS

Bo (Pat), 4 Shevat, 10:30am, TBS Tu BiSh'vat, 15 Shevat, Wednesday, New Year for Trees, no service.

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Leslie's joke

One Saturday afternoon Benny and Marvin, two old friends, bumped into one another after a few years and exchanged pleasantries.

"Benny," said Marvin, "I heard you don't go to synagogue anymore. You no longer believe in God?" Benny quickly changed the topic.

The very next morning, they met again and Marvin persisted. "So nu? Tell me. You don't believe in God anymore?"

"Okay, Marvin," said Benny. "Here's the straight answer to your straight question: No, I don't." "So why didn't you tell me yesterday?" Benny, shocked, exclaimed, "On Shabbos? God forbid!"



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SUDOKU

How to play: Complete the grid so the numbers 1 to 9 appear only once in each row, each column and 3x3 box. Don't worry; no maths is involved. Only logic is required to solve the puzzle. Have fun!

IT'S MODERATELY HARD

	5	9		6	7	
8	7					
4	2		7			
	3		1	7		
5			4	9		7
			8	2		1
			4			3 9
						8 1
	8		6		5 2	

For the solution and more free puzzles, have a look at the Sudoku website: sudokusolver.com.

Homemade Bagels

Melanie Feldman

We experienced the pleasure of a healthier, homemade bagel on Movie Night. The following are the recipes I used:

Regular mix:

- 500g strong white bread flour
- 1 sachet dried yeast
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1.5 tablespoons vegetable oil
- Around 250 ml warm water

Gluten free mix:

- 500g gluten free flour (Doves farm for us on bagel night)
 - 2 tsp extra xanthan gum
 - 1 sachet yeast
 - 1 tsp salt
 - 1 tablespoon sugar
 - 80g melted butter
 - 180 ml warm water
- Flour varies; be ready to alter the amounts of water if the dough is too dry or add flour if it is wet. I use a bread machine dough recipe for



Comfort food-Is there anything nicer than a good bagel with your favourite filling? Absolutely not.

the kneading but kneading by hand is fine. Let the dough rise in a warm place for an hour. Shape the bagels by forming a small ball (snooker ball size). Pinch the mid point to make a hole like a donut. Put a wooden spoon through the hole and swing the bagel (think hula-hooping), to stretch the hole-needs to be big because during the second rising, the hole will nearly disappear. Leave them to rise in a warm place again to double in size. Heat the oven before the boiling stage around 190-200 degrees. I use silicon paper to avoid

sticking. Get a large pan of water boiling rapidly and slide the bagel in-two or three at a time max; they will puff up a lot. Fish them out and put them straight into the oven. If you pause too long they will deflate and never puff up properly again. Bake for around 20 minutes until brown. (If you are very fast, you can egg glaze between boiling and baking). Enjoy!

